no audience / autonomous legitimation

against innovation as a capitalist trope

public funding in the arts became an insidious political strategy of thwarting dissent

the blank stare, the equal opposite of the dilated gaze

joy is undergirded by intimacy with loss

failed to pass the white bourgeois milestones of decisive vocation

this is about “deterritorializing” our labour as “trained artists”
from dominant ideologies which refuse to acknowledge it as “labour”
and instead naturalize it as a “creative act”

beauty, unlike money, seems unable to focus on the source of the power

I don't remember how old I was the first time I heard of Los Angeles described as a wasteland

to insist, for decades, that his art, an art that bore no resemblance to anything that gone before, had validity and meaning, while always being on the verge of poverty and physical breakdown

merch's merch

it is a play on words that capture the sense of something being both present and absent, lingering in a spectral and ghostly manner

a node in a rippling file of fleshy instances that ripple around the pulsing air

this is an approximation of how society, through a filter of average internet garbage, sees me

soon there will be no junklspace in this city, everything will be nice and tidy, refurbished and painfully mid

no preservatives, no fats, no added sugar, no sleep till Brooklyn

offset your heteronormative footprint

never let your party be found by journalists who will sell you out for a byline

the important thing is not the object of love, but the emotion itself

Immaterial labour / Unseen material labour

I'm sick of fucking
not knowing who i am

i live two, three, four multiple lives

so i thought i could do environmental text

Unseen labour / Tokenised labour

it is not our sex acts which constitute queerness, but rather what we do with our time

(a) memoir with footnotes

A. from the other room: two years ago you looked so much younger

a theory without feeling. a disembodied theory. a orphaned theory.

what Fassbinder film is it?

L: We met in 1977.

whoever i am. i can't be known

a model of diversity as disconnection

my best friend prescribes me books

and the scroll says, anarchy and discipline

to reread is a form of desire

Leipziger Strasse 128

i often wonder how much i should withhold in writing

we, a rotating patchwork of moods

the work can remain, raw and private and shiny

i think i'm a metabolic island

junghofstrasse 14

i want to be punk about mothering, about aging

the extreme intimacy and yet opacity of the speaker

A stingy domesticity

late stage feminism is putting my head in the oven whenever i feel like it!!!!!

everybody in the place

A. lived turbulently and worked tirelessly

she was a literal agent of chaos

so the bottom line is rewild!

K. always struck me as someone who was living in raw mythology

she wrote to complicate herself

to play then, both in structure and in content, is to desire to live in wonder

k.onstella.tions

Peter and Jason were born in Rugby, Warwickshire in November 1965,
on the exact same fucking day!

you are on the enemy list of The Black Tarantula

forensically disappointing

if one day, a girl named Dante

she whispered her last words, Up, up, up ...

a great artist is not meant to be consumed, but to devour

she is after revenge, not success

she was the only ornament at her wedding

a femme fatale–fatal to others, to herself

the hierarchical divide, one through mythology, the other a demonology

your work ... a performance of doubt

sometimes we are frazzled allies, other times the devastation

Oh, sparkle face! Sparkle face! Please sleep!

dream feeling, transcendent feeling, unexpected feeling, nervous feeling,
unexpectedly elated feeling

–what Hujar called ruins–

the mother becomes a landscape

stored art as frozen capital

... as she was suspicious of language

as Agnes Martin, hands in the pockets of her white coat, watches from the other side

you say to her i want to know you, and she replies i'm very into you

a love of the language of flowers

doom loop

‘intimacy’ is primal and inscrutable, vital and inclusive

the moral economy of normative discourse

the pressure to self-commodify is intense

romantic relationships are trapped within a framework of capitalist rhetoric

anything small is adorable

heteropessimism

heterofatalism

: II

Moral panics reveal sublimated anxieties

Territory as kin

Now that our conversations have become telepathic

I was writing you a letter in my head, I wrote to her

Tiny things are littering my home constantly at all times

Build meaningful constellations of non-biological kinship

I think of Cornell following his favourite constellations

The love for the girls who cry woolf

But she asked me for my last name and I confirmed it's Van, just Van, final, terminal, not a joiner

Domestic realism

The flaneuse. ... as a burned out mother, ... , fleeing the scene of her domesticity.

Relationship anarchy

Furthermore moreover

cruel optimism

You're not against me, you're for yourself

A meditation on intimate comradeliness

You are urged to put in work into ‘camouflaging death’

With every like, chat, tag or poke our subjectivity turns them a profit

ravedeath

teenageriot

Making words and sentences do things they were never meant to do

The amorous life of parents it's unconceivable to a child

I need you to outlive me

All the loss, all the longing, all the pain

Goddess of both bright earth and blank otherness

If you hear it, it's coming through the body

The mother of portals

Tears in the rain

This is the oppressor's languages yet I need it to talk to you

Jan van breemenstraat 1

Nonmaterially privileged background

She'd never spent much time with heterosexuals,
she didn't know there were so manny of them, and all so similar

Not building a wall, making a brick

The spectres of lost possibilities

A melancholy longing for never realised futures

A sense of presence and absence lingering in a spectral and ghostly manner

You looked good at 21

It›s the view of my life

In the pull of gravity

All in all is all we are (x20)

Art self-censoring handouts

Go for that facial tattoo you've been craving for, you deserve it sister/brother

I drove her to the airport. And then she left

An eyelash of lust

Artistic knowledge is a term that doesn't make any sense

The imaginary party

Oligarchic dynamics

Mass poverty and homelessness

Caliban and the witch

Do birds like basil?

The scarcity economy of love

Stop naturalising the moral superiority of normative understandings of family

Sounds like April 14th

Each day I save myself

Someone to pour yourself into

Até amanhã camaradas

A desolate love

8 hours blissed, 8 hours psyched, 8 hours sleep

The rebirth of cringe

You love crying to songs

Survival poetics

A fabric of functioning lies

Two lives link tonight

The heart knows the truth

zany, cute, interesting

Self helpless book

The libido of theory

berghain 2024-2004

lets transnationally kiss at the art-space safe place

Solemn friendship

Sensors not censors

The performance is misperformed

Black accelerationism

Fascist donald duck

Attention strike

Donut anthropocentrism

Interlocking systems of domination

Despair doesn't believe in joy

Positive desintegration

As pointless and purposeful as a flower is

Knees knocked, as you evaporate

Do androids dream of electric sheep in South Carolina?

Heartbreak as divination

Submerging artist

Fucking foxes

biological realism

We live in a state of constant rewind

So many tears

brat

A namaste motherfuckers kind of day

Beauty remains in the impossibilities of the body

Once you've counted to a hundred, all the other hundreds are the same

Semiotic ghosts

Blindsided by your radical honesty

Your show sucks, tell me instead

Economy class white saviourism

taurian shade

Do you need someone to be other with?

Painful hiss

Slow motion train wreck

Music that makes holes in the sky

How long have we known each other now? Up to thirty years I guess

Love is nothing if not savage

I'm so over I'm so back

Trouvez notre corps sans organes

lynchian

Night is also a sun

Cosmic silence

We are everywhere, we've always been, and will always be

Mieux que les vivants que ne se désirent plus

Where is home?

Every day is a lifetime

Direi verde / do verde dos teus olhos

Não contes do meu / vestido / que tiro pela cabeça

Each Other

A sudden urge to sleep in pink bed sheets

Love will tear you apart

That one time you did the washing

Yeah that's right, she said. And that was the end of it.

Through suffering to the stars

Nothing dies harder than a bad idea

Sonic sovereignty

You look aroused, you look awake

The no place place

Emotional pyrotechnics

Flowers live dazzling lives

Call me when your heart is empty

Time at the bar

Secretly lesbian

So we're interdependent eh? Lol

Queer is heart wrenching

Your defences became fences

Truth, liberation, freedom, justice

Cute acelarationism

I lost my soul at Cattelan's opening

And at the center, the abject pain of the western gaze

A great day to cosplay your aspirational self

Privilege is the guarantee of blindness to your conformism

Accept loss forever

And their heart was covered in stretch marks

Ideology is nothing but history naturalised

We have lived, our moments are important

Be like a mountain. Move cautiously and silently.

Hysteria a visceral language

I rise am off pink sheets. I am renewed. I am aglow.

Surface level engagement

Liars and their ceasefires

Spooky Entanglements

Listening to our existential void

Cringe Realism

The lives you could've lived but won't

You're just a siren song

Conditional hospitality

New York! New York!

doomerism

Placelessness

Placelessness

Self-propagating emotional resonance

Five thousand lengths

Children chronopolitics

She herself had a cold aura

I just keep on, till I get it right

Simbolic capital

I regret almost everything

Iran belongs to the girls

As long as I can remember I always wanted to be a pirate

reggaeton gramsci

That problem is currently asleep

but mostly the censoring is self-inflicted

Vibrational Refusal

Sonic Becoming

You too can art wash the establishment

The stark, unsettling nature of overhead lighting

Operative Shadow

link ups

day 404

Knowing doing gap

Community Aesthetics

Whenever you wake up, that's your morning

You will regret it either way

Academia is per se an extractive environment

Of walking in ice

Ash Wednesday

Home is a frequency

Contribute to the underground

Every artwork is, in spite of itself

to gods' ugly muse

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